

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

DOW MEDICAL COLLEGE CLASS OF 1985

DIGITAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 2013



DR. UMAR FAROOQ, A D85 CHAMPION

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EDITORIAL

Life is uncertain but death is a certainty. We as doctors witness this every day and get used to it. As we continue celebrate the accomplishments of our children we have also been going through the pain and agony of wishing goodbye to our parents. Recently some of our class fellows, Inayat Ali Khan and Sabina lost their beloved mothers, while Farrukh Hashmi and Mohammad Ashraf Ebrahim are grieving the loss of his dear father. As friends we share their grief and are able to relate it to our personal losses.

A few pearls of wisdom are quoted below from the Holy Quran and sayings of the Holy Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him, as reminders and for the purpose of reflection.

“Thy Lord has decreed, that you worship none save Him, and (that you show) kindness to parents. If one of them or both of them attain old age with thee, say not ‘Fie’ unto them nor repulse them, but speak unto them a gracious word.” (Al-Isra’: 23)

وَقَضَىٰ رَبُّكَ أَلَّا تَعْبُدُوا إِلَّا إِيَّاهُ
وَبِالْوَالِدَيْنِ إِحْسَانًا إِمَّا يَبُلُغَنَّ عِنْدَكَ
الْكِبَرَ أَحَدُهُمَا أَوْ كِلَاهُمَا فَلَا تَقُلْ لَهُمَا
أُفٍّ وَلَا تَنْهَرْهُمَا وَقُلْ لَهُمَا قَوْلًا كَرِيمًا

“A man approached the Prophet, peace be upon him, asking, “Is there anything I must do in terms of kindness towards my parents after their death?” The Prophet, peace be upon him, replied, “Yes, there are four things for you to do: Praying and asking forgiveness of Allah on their behalf, fulfilling their promises, respecting their friends, and fostering their ties of kinship.”

بَيْنَا نَحْنُ عِنْدَ رَسُولِ اللَّهِ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ
إِذْ جَاءَهُ رَجُلٌ مِنْ بَنِي سَلَمَةَ فَقَالَ يَا رَسُولَ
اللَّهِ هَلْ بَقِيَ مِنْ بَرِّ أَبَوَيَّ شَيْءٌ أَبْرُهُمَا بِهِ بَعْدَ
مَوْتِهِمَا قَالَ نَعَمْ الصَّلَاةُ عَلَيْهِمَا وَالِاسْتِغْفَارُ
لَهُمَا وَإِنْفَادُ عَهْدِهِمَا مِنْ بَعْدِهِمَا وَصِلَةُ الرَّحِمِ
الَّتِي لَا تُوصَلُ إِلَّا بِهِمَا وَإِكْرَامُ صَدِيقِهِمَا

REMEMBERING PARENTS

FARRUKH HASHMI

It's Thanksgiving day in USA; I am here in Karachi, in my House, where my parents use to live; they both are now with their creator and I am sitting here and remembering them and re-living those beautiful memories when they were in this world. I know they are at better place in haven. May Allah bless them with thousands of blessings amen.

I am wondering what should I be thankful for?

Yes I am thankful for the life Allah has given me.

Yes I am thankful to Allah for blessing me with most loving and caring parents who were there for me always.

I am thankful for the great brothers, sisters and cousins Allah has blessed me with.

I am thankful for the family Allah has blessed me with, for my beautiful, loving and intelligent daughters.

I am thankful to Allah who has blessed me with extended family of my friends, who have sent their prayers and helped me always when life has been tough specially during the difficult times like last week since my father passed away, I am thankful for all the love and care you all have shown me..

Thank you, thank you.

May Allah bless you all and may Allah protect you all! May you all have a great THANKSGIVING WEEKEND WITH YOUR LOVED ONES! If your parents are with you, please, please give them a big hug and let them know how much you love them. Believe me when they will be gone.. Nothing can replace them or their love. Cherish their presence, cherish their love, and be thankful for their being there. Amen.

Umar Farooq: A Man for all Seasons

As I know him: M Shahed Quraishi, Nottingham, England.

I first met Umar Farooq in July 1978,

The setting: Gymkhana room, Dow Medical College

The crisis: Wamique Yusuf has been arrested this morning by the Martial Law team because Ifti bhai delivered a speech against our 'favourite dictator' Gen Zia.

The plan: Get all the 'Surkha Punters' under the yum yum tree and we shall have a 'jalsa'.

The result: Umar and Qadir Yusuf led the 'naaras' (the surkh/sabz stuff!!), Ifti and Shekhani did the speeches and Wamique took the taxi home: released without charge.

Umar has always been a man to get results. In the 35 years that I have known him the best were the Dow years. Whether it was sitting at the back of Moin auditorium listening to cricket commentary while the physiology lecture was on or sharing an evening (private) dissection session on the lower limb with Shahabu (May he rest in peace), he was the guy on the 'Vespa scooter' who would deliver. My association with NSF meant that Umar and I were often teamed up to do the door to door campaigning both when he stood for Class representative and I stood for debating secretary. One of the exciting days was when we were asked to get a pamphlet printed from Burns road during the height of Zia's rule. The danger was that we would get picked up by the fuzz or worse by the military. Umar had a simple solution: "Let's go to Imperial printers at Burns road, the chap who does the printing cannot read English, it's only the money he is after!!" After 30 minutes of tension we had our goods, the printer his money and my heart its normal rhythm.

On the academic side of life, while we all slogged for the infamous (Professional) exams of Dow, he was the external caterer for Hostel 4 (the centre of civilization as we knew it then), Nihari delivered from Sabri at 2 am or driving us all to Burns Road for a mouth sizzling Katakat. None of us were ever disappointed because the 'New Punjab Lassi' always followed. If we were broke it never mattered 'Bank of Umar' was more generous than the IMF. If all else failed, 'Cafe Bacteria' was his last resort (for those who missed out on this French cuisine, this was the Michelin 4 star cafe opposite the casualty) economical and free of all infections (Pinocchio's nose is getting longer!!).

It wasn't long before we were 'told' that we had become doctors, time to move on. But Umar had one last job left to do. First he 'gets' Qamar ul Huda picked up by the Police (it was rumoured for attending lectures) and then called a strike of house doctors. Times were hard, Qamar was locked up at the local 'state guest house: Raja Mansion PS'. Nothing was happening till 'Samrina Hashmi' was allegedly slapped by the SHO of Raja Mansion. The only witness was Umar (and to this day both Samrina and the rest of the world are wondering if it ever actually happened!!). What did happen was that because we alleged that the cop had raised his hand against a 'khathoon', in Zia's 'Chaddar and chardiwari' times, Inspector Hakeem Khan, the toughest cop of Karachi got transferred from our area and Qamar was released from the 'state guest house' with a packet of free Gold leaf cigarettes as jahez!!

The year is 1995. **The place:** Serena Hotel, Quetta. **The setting:** International ENT Conference. **The speaker:** Dr Umar Farooq. **The topic:** Functional Endoscopic Sinus surgery. Yes it was him again. Reborn as the pioneering endoscopic sinus surgeon in Pakistan, now he was setting

professional standards for his peers, par excellence. Being a fellow ENT surgeon, I too was a panelist on that session along with Natasha Mirza (D83) from Pennsylvania and we were proud to hear that the skills were no less than any at UK or USA.

Fast forward to 2010. It's Dow University of Health Sciences time. The guy coming out of the 'double cabin SUV' (with his own version of visible personal protection detail, no less than Obama) is the Pro-Vice Chancellor of DUHS and principal of the Dental college. Looking closer thru' my glasses I didn't take long to recognise the smile and the face of our pal Umar. A bear hug later, I was given a personal tour of the 'kingdom' (Dubai mall wouldn't stand a chance!). The library, the clinical simulation centre, the lecture halls, the dissection rooms, the laboratories, the computer/information technology centre, the admin hub and the new canteen were really impressive. It was as good as one could hope for. I was jealous..... I would like to be a student today. I was grateful for the next generation of medics, if only they knew what we had.... then!!

The final scene: 24th January 2013. **The Venue:** Royal College of Surgeon's, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, UK. **The event:** Conferring of FRCS in Otolaryngology. **The recipient:** Prof Umar Farooq. The honour of watching Umar get this prestigious fellowship was an emotional event, 35 years flashed by, all good memories..... with the best for the last.



Right to left: Kadir Yusuf, Umar Farooq Shahed Quraishi, 2012, Nottingham

UMAR IN PICTURES



UMAR IN PICTURES



AT CONVOCAION WITH SALMAN ADIL



AS PRINCIPAL



My Specialty: Renal Medicine

A special article by Izhar Khan

My dear friend Saleem Khanani asked me to write something about my work. He suggested that Dow-85 graduates should contribute articles relating to their work for his e-magazine and so with apologies to those of you who regard nephrology as dull and un-interesting, I will try my best to enthuse you. My interest in renal medicine dates back to the time when I first visited the Civil Hospital Renal and Urology Department in fourth year. I remember how different Professor Rizvi's ward was compared to the rest of the hospital. The place was clean, efficient and buzzing with enthusiastic staff. Professor Rizvi impressed me with his larger than life character and dedication to his patients and he had a profound influence on those who had the good fortune to work with him. I remember when his team performed the first live related renal transplant and how the recipient developed malaria post-operatively and was then successfully treated. Treatment of renal failure with dialysis fascinated me as it was the only way to keep patients with end-stage renal failure (ESRF) alive unless or until they received a renal transplant. It was my brief attachment in Professor Rizvi's ward that sowed the seeds of my interest in the specialty of renal medicine.

Research

Fast forward thirty years and I am in my office in the renal unit in Aberdeen. Our department provides a comprehensive nephrology service for the Grampian region and Northern Isles of Scotland, with a population of half a million. After completing my house jobs in Karachi I came to the United Kingdom in 1986 and started work in the West of Scotland working my way through various training posts. In Edinburgh I worked as an SHO in the Renal Unit and met Dr Anne Lambie. Now aged 85 Dr Lambie was among the first women nephrologists in Scotland and she was very helpful and kind towards me. After some years working in renal units in Inverness and Dundee, I was appointed a research fellow in Aberdeen in 1991. I managed to obtain research grants from the Scottish Government and from the European Union to study outcomes in renal replacement therapy (RRT). The cold war had just ended and Europe was keen to fund studies in former Eastern Block countries under the BIOMED and INCO-Copernicus programmes. I obtained grants of almost a million Euros. I studied outcomes in RRT in many European centres, including France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Russia, Albania, Poland, Hungary and the Baltic countries. Visiting St Petersburg was one of the highlights of my studies where I saw how desperate the health services had become after the fall of communism and the implementation of the free market. I also did some research on ACE gene polymorphism and its influence on glomerular proteinuria, but before I could publish my findings, a similar study was published from Glasgow. I did, however, get my research published as a letter in the Lancet.

One of the great rewards of research is to have one's work published in peer-reviewed journals. It is the culmination of years of hard work, burning the midnight oil and sacrificing quality time one could have spent with children and family. I still remember the delight of receiving a letter of acceptance from the Lancet; the first of my more than fifty peer reviewed papers. My paper

entitled "Influence of co-existing disease on survival in renal replacement therapy" was published in 1993, *Lancet* 1993; 341:415-18. I used a simple risk stratification, which much to my embarrassment is often referred to as The Khan Score, which I had devised, to predict and compare survival in RRT in two Scottish centres. I used the same method to study outcomes in RRT in the Multi-Centre European Study and published a paper in the European renal Journal, (Survival On Renal Replacement Therapy In Europe: Is There A "Centre Effect"? *Nephrol Dial Transplant* 1996;196:11:300-307). I was the first of 17 authors.

A few years ago I supervised a national study of survival in acute renal failure treated with RRT. My research Fellow was a young Pakistani doctor from Multan. He did a sterling job and got his MD with honours. His paper was published in the Journal of the American Society of Nephrology. There was, however, a bitter twist to the tail. His work was accepted for presentation at the prestigious American Society of Nephrology, but he was refused a visa to the US even though he was assured by the embassy that they would grant him one. I was so incensed at this injustice that I wrote a letter, which was published in the Lancet entitled "Academic Apartheid by the Back Door" *Lancet*. 2007 Feb 10; 369 (9560): 463. The Lancet also published an accompanying editorial and the scandal was covered in the national press. I discovered that two other Muslim researchers from Aberdeen with Pakistani passports had also been denied the opportunity to present their work in the US.

In 1994 I was appointed Lecturer at the University of Aberdeen where in 1996 I obtained an MD with Commendation. The same year I was appointed Consultant Nephrologist and Honorary Senior Lecturer in the Aberdeen Teaching Hospitals and University. Aberdeen University has the oldest English language medical school in Europe. Established in 1495, the University has a vast campus and offers degree courses in almost all Science and Social subjects. Now in my seventeenth year as Consultant, I have continued my interest in teaching and research. I was Principal Investigator in studies of Lanthanum Carbonate as Phosphate Binder, Growth Hormone in CKD and an ongoing Morbidity and Mortality Study in RRT in Scotland. In 2000 I was appointed to the Scientific Advisory Board of the European Renal Association and in 2008 I was invited to the Editorial Board of the journal *Nephron: Clinical Practice*. I have supervised 7 postgraduate research fellows and have examined MD and PhD theses in Scotland and Holland. I am also a Foundation programme Director with the Deanery for around 35 trainee doctors, current Chair of the Area Medical Committee of NHS Grampian and course co-ordinator for the Nephrology and Urology curriculum of the MBChB degree course.

Recent Developments in Nephrology

Over the past thirty years the numbers of patients receiving RRT has steadily increased and the cost of dialysis is considerable. It is estimated that 2% of the NHS budget is spent on RRT which affects 0.04% of patients. We undertook a European study of the cost of RRT and estimated a yearly cost of around £45000 per patient. Thankfully treatment of renal failure and for that matter any medical condition is completely free in Britain. The major advances in transplant immunosuppression and the ability now to transplant across the ABO barrier should help reduce costs. In my lifetime I feel that genetically engineered production of Human

Erythropoietin has been one of the most important advances in renal medicine. Many of the symptoms of uraemia are in fact related to anaemia and the use of Erythropoietin in pre-dialysis and dialysis patients leads to measurable improvements in quality of life. Avoidance of blood transfusions has obvious benefits too. Another major development has been the use of biologics such as Rituximab and Bortezomib in a number of glomerular pathologies and in transplant rejection. Perhaps the most exciting albeit costly (£400,000 per year) development is eculizumab, which targets the C5-9 terminal complement complex and is effective in patients with Atypical Haemolytic Uraemic Syndrome. This drug is also used for Paroxysmal Nocturnal Haemoglobinuria.

Renal Medicine: A Rewarding Specialty

Nephrology is a fascinating specialty and there is never a dull moment in my practice. Every day that I come to work I face new and exciting challenges and this excites me. It is indeed a great privilege to look after patients with end-stage renal failure and one of the most rewarding aspects of my job is when a patient on dialysis is offered a renal transplant. A patient with ESRF is a patient for life and often it is difficult to be emotionally detached from one's patients' travails and sufferings. When I walk into my dialysis unit I still feel the frisson I felt thirty years ago when I first stepped into Professor Rizvi's ward.

The editors would take the liberty of presenting the abstract of a seminal paper by Izhar Khan:

Survival of patients on renal-replacement therapy (RRT) is no longer improving. Increasingly, such patients are older and have co-morbid conditions affecting organs other than the kidney. In a retrospective study, we calculated actuarial survival of 375 patients starting RRT during a 6 1/2 year period at renal units in Aberdeen and Dundee, UK, after stratification of patients into three risk groups (low, medium, and high) based predominantly on co-morbidity and to a lesser extent on age. 2-year survival differed significantly between low, medium, and high risk groups both before (86%, 60%, and 35%, respectively; $p < 0.002$ for all comparisons) and after (90%, 70%, 46%; $p < 0.004$ for all comparisons) excluding early deaths (within 90 days of starting RRT). Overall survival was 61% in Aberdeen and 68% in Dundee ($p = 0.04$), but 73% and 74%, respectively, when deaths in the first 90 days were excluded ($p = 0.73$). We conclude that RRT is a highly successful treatment (86% 2-year survival) for patients aged under 70 with no co-morbid conditions (low-risk group); that coexisting non-renal disease has an important influence on survival of patients on RRT; and that risk stratification and analysis of data including and excluding early deaths should allow more valid comparison of data from different centres.

On camels: From Lyari to Australia

Sohail Ansari



Karachi long had trading links with Afghans. Before the British conquest, they had established ‘Karavan Serai’ for Afghan traders, outside the confines of the city, where Sindh Madressah stands today. The complex had central grounds and buildings around. It provided the traders with accommodation to live in and posts to run the business, all in the same complex as well as the facilities in the grounds to fend for their camels to provide the animals with food and water and space to rest. In those days, camels used to be a popular mode of transport and also to carry the loads.

Around the time of their conquest of Karachi and Sindh, the British were exploring Australia as well. However, those terrains in Australia were difficult to reach. They needed means of transport to get to the heart of its arid interior consisting vast areas of deserts, Australian outback as it was known in those days.

Burke and Wills from Australia on one of their business trips to Karachi got this entrepreneur idea of importing camels for the very purpose to traverse those difficult terrains on their expeditions. They established links with local agents and Afghan Pashtuns in Karachi to materialise the idea. The first batch of twenty four camels was shipped from Karachi to Melbourne. Eight cameleers from Karachi and Peshawar accompanied the entourage to handle those animals. They arrived at Hobson’s Bay aboard the Chinsurah on 13th June 1860. They were the ones to make to the heart of Australia, where others failed so often. Others followed this

successful experience of getting the tough job done. In 1866 Thomas Elder established the first camel stud in Beltana with camels coming from Karachi and India; there were thirty one cameleers on this stud. Camels soon became the normal means of bulk transport in the outback. Over the years (perhaps up to 1930) Sindhi, Baloch, Pashtun and Punjabi cameleers arrived in Australia; it is estimated that between 2000 and 6000 men along with about 20 000 camels were shipped from the port of Karachi. They came from Hindu Kush region, Afghanistan, Baluchistan and from the Indus belt. They became vital in transporting supplies to remote areas, exploration and development of Australia such as servicing the needs of mining enterprises, laying of railway lines and overhead cables.



These cameleers collectively became known as Ghans (from Afghans) in Australia in their mistaken belief that they were all Afghans and indeed a number of them were. They were among the first of the organised Muslim immigrants to Australia and brought with them their culture, traditions and religion. Whereas most cameleers returned to their homes on completion of the work projects, some stayed back in Australia to forge new lives in their acquired homes. They played a major role in establishing Islam in Australia and built its first mosque which was made of mud brick in Marree in 1861. This was the beginning of diverse multicultural society in Australia.



I am now going to narrate the story of one of those pioneer cameleers from Lyari, Dost Muhammad Baloch, who became famous in his time. Born in Lal Bakkar in 1870, Dost Muhammad was the Amir of his tribe and was a noble, honest and a much trusted person in the community. Having gained an interest in exporting camels, he first visited Australia in 1893 to assess the market and opportunities. The following year he returned to Australia along with his brother and a few Afghans and brought twenty five camels. Once the trading expedition completed, his brother returned to Lyari but Dost Muhammad decided to stay behind and entered the camel business.

He fell in love with a British girl named Annie Charlotte Grigo who worked in a local bakery. Annie's father and brothers opposed the marriage. The pair eloped by camel, took a ship to India and got married by traditional Muslim custom in 1896. Their first child was a son, Mustafa, born in Lyari in 1896. Annie and Dost then returned to the camel business in Western Australia, leaving Mustafa behind in Karachi. They had five more children; three boys and three girls.

He used his camels to transport goods between the ports and remote inland mining and pastoral settlements of the Goldfields, Pilbara and Murchison regions of Western Australia. Camel transport operators quickly established themselves here, many living in a tent settlement at the end of Coolgardie Street. Demand for transport was high, so Dost acquired more camels and found men to work for him. Dost established a permanent base at Port Hedland in 1906 servicing the Pilbara region. Soon they became respected members of a small town and built their own home. Other Baloch relatives worked in the area alongside other cameleers from Balochistan, Afghanistan and northern India.

Despite earlier antagonisms with the in-laws in the family, once established at Port Hedland, Dost provided finances to help his wife's sister buy a hotel near the town. He also assisted two of Annie's brothers, Harry and Bill, to establish their businesses. The brothers were heavy drinkers, at times violent and were not always respectful of Muslim practices. Dost had serious disputes with them and it was also rumoured that he had even broken the arm of his brother-in-law, Bill, in a quarrel.

These disputes grew and Dost Muhammad was killed in 1909. The full circumstances of his death were unclear. It is known he was killed at home during a fierce fight with his two brothers-

in-law when one of them fatally smashed open the back of his skull with a heavy piece of timber. The two brothers stood trial in Broome but were acquitted of murder.

Dost's relatives received the news and attributed his death to Annie's brothers and held her at least partially responsible for their acquittal.

Dost was a man of wealth as well as standing when he died. He had left a written will bequeathing his assets to his children and Annie and designating his brother Jorak as executor. The property left by him was to be divided between Annie and her children when they reached the age of 21. In Australia, Jorak arrived at the conclusion that Bill and Harry murdered his brother and Annie corroborated with them. He had previously received a letter from Dost saying such words in Balochi as “Spethen gokaa bokosheen” meaning ‘Kill white cow’. Annie complained that Jorak was withholding money from her. She finally agreed to Jorak's offer of financial security and a good education for the children on condition that she returned to India with the children.

She boarded ship in fear for her life. On arrival to Karachi, she took precautions and contacted the British Resident there. She was well remembered by many of Dost's relatives around Karachi, working and joking alongside women in the village. Warned by some of them of threats to her life, she and the children moved one evening to another compound on the other side of Karachi in Malir gaining the protection of a trusted relative, Sharafi. Annie slept with a revolver under her pillow and a watchdog outside. At a mile's distance of this residence there was a camp of British security officers as well.

Three months after landing in Karachi, in August 1910, Annie was stabbed and axed to death in her bed while her two youngest children lay alongside. She was buried in Clifton. Two of Dost's nephews and a third person were charged with murder but were acquitted because of lack of firm evidence.

After the court trial, the five youngest children were returned to Australia under an agreement between the district magistrate at Karachi and the Federal and Western Australian Governments. They were eventually placed in the care of the State. After their deaths, accounts of their parents' assets included camels, property in Port Hedland, monies owing to the estates, and jewellery, but the children did not inherit any of those items. Mustafa remained in Karachi, married and died there.

A prolonged but inconclusive wrangling went on between the two governments on the subject of both murders.

Form No. 223
COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, No. 111
Description of 1911-1912 and 1913-1914

CERTIFICATE EXEMPTING FROM DICTATION TEST.

I, James Edgar Baloch, the Police Officer of Customs,
for the State of Western Australia, do hereby certify that
the person named herein, who is holding the License and is exempted
from the provisions of paragraph 10 of the Act of 1911, is a person who has
been admitted to the service of the Government.

Date: 10/10/1914 Office of Customs

EXEMPTION:

Residence	Height
Age	Complexion
Build	Weight
Birth	Place
Foreign	Other

THIS CERTIFICATE IS VALID FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE ACT OF 1911.

Signature of Officer: James Edgar Baloch
Date of Signature: 10/10/1914
Place of issue: Perth
For: James Edgar Baloch
Signature of Officer: James Edgar Baloch
Date of Signature: 10/10/1914
Place of issue: Perth

It is said that a tamarind tree still grows in Port Hedland at the site known as One Mile which is popularly believed to have been planted by Dost Muhammad Baloch. The train from Adelaide to Darwin is known as The Ghan (formerly The Afghan Express) in memory of those 'Afghan' pioneers.



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l3p3T8mORGQ>

FACE

I am intrigued by the human face
Those two sparkling diamonds of
eyes
The quizzical eye brows,
exclamation marks
The furrowed forehead
The crescentic heart warming smiles
My weakness, to make a friend for
life, every face I come upon
And majority of them are
Even if they don not know it yet
And then among seven billion faces
To find the face
That would be the barometer of
your beats
Your happiness, joys, worries,
anxieties, desires, dreams
When you find the face
That you would never like to see sad
at any cost
You know you have found true love
Face it

نہ رہا تیرے نگر کا زخمی
مرگیا قلب و جگر کا زخمی

کون ہوگا تیرے دیوانے سا
شب گزیدہ و سحر کا زخمی

کیوں سسکتا ہے بیابانوں میں
دشنہ و توبینِ شہر کا زخمی

سُنا ہے مر گیا تیرا شاعر
تھا قوافی و بحر کا زخمی

جیتا تادیر نہیں ہے برگز
اپنی سوچوں کے زہر کا زخمی

دیکھ کر اپنی منزلوں کے
نشاں
چل بسا گردِ سفر کا زخمی

دل کو اپنے کہا کرو قمبر
ناوکِ تیرِ نظر کا زخمی

STRAY VERSES BY SALEEM A KHANANI

FACE UNFORGETTABLE

**I looked around
To see the face
That will make my heart race
That will make my mind
Think and rewind
The days of infancy
The very beginning of my fancy
A face that my eyes
Kept staring forever
A face forever
That makes my heart
Race forever
A face lost in the wilderness of
time
I look around
The face is not to be found
Except in the mirror of my heart**

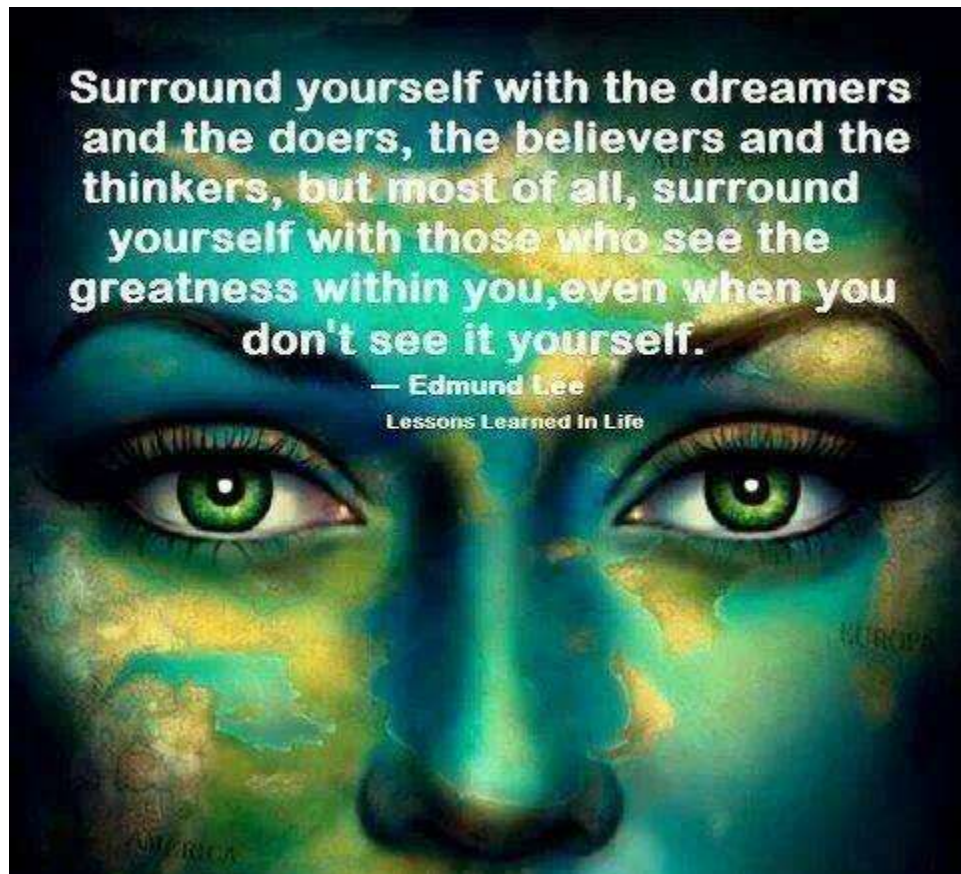
ایک التجا

میری ہم دم یہ التجا ہے میری
وقت سے پہلے چھپا ہے سورج
چاند نے آنکھ نہیں کھولی ہے
فلک پہ دور تلک
کسی تارے کی جھلملاتی جھلک
سیاہی شب میں مغل نہیں ہے
زمین مردہ ہے کہ اس میں کوئی صدا
نہیں گونجی
نہ کسی کے نرم قدموں کی اُٹ
جو زندگی کا پتہ دے
مجھے بتا دے
کہ ابھی امید کی رگوں میں
مایوسی منجمد نہیں ہے
میری التجا ہے تجھ سے
میری تیرگی کی ساتھی
میری خاموشی کی سامع
تیری لب پہ وہ ہنسی ہو
کہ یہ شب بھی مسکرا دے
کہیں دور اک ستارہ
یوں فلک پہ جگمگائے
کہ یہ چاند کچھ کہے بن
میرے گھر میں اُسمائے
کہیں اور پھر نہ جائے

THEY WAY WE WERE



WORDS OF WISDOM



TWO SIDES OF LIFE

HUMOR

فیس بک کا کمال

کلاس کے دوران ایک لڑکے نے اپنا فیس بک اکاؤنٹ کھولا
جیسے ہی اس کا اسٹیس آئن لائن شو ہوا
فورا پر ویس نے کمنٹ کیا
"کلاس سے نکل جاو"
پرنسپل نے پر ویس کے کمنٹ کو لائک کیا
دوست نے کمنٹ کیا
"اوئے کیفے آجا"
ماں نے کمنٹ کیا
"تالاق انسان کلاس نہیں لیتی تو ہنری لے کر گھر آجا۔"

باپ نے فوراً کمنٹ کیا
"دیکھ لو اپنے بیٹے کی حرکتیں۔"
اسی وقت گرل فرینڈ کا کمنٹ آ گیا
"وہو کے بازم نے تو کہا تھا ہسپتال میں ہوں وادی
آخری اسٹج پر ہے اس لیے ملے نہیں آسکتا۔"
اور
اسی وقت وادی نے کمنٹ کیا
"ادبیر! فرق تیرا بے غیرتا۔"

درد کا چہرہ اقبال ہاشمانی

میں اک شاعر ، آوارہ تنہا
نادیدہ منزل کی طلب میں
دنیا کے خم و پیچ میں الجھا
اب جیون کی اس سرحد پر
جب منزل ہے نہ منزل کی طلب
یاد آتے ہیں اکثر مجھ کو
کھوئے ہوئے کچھ دلکش چہرے
اور ان میں خود اپنا چہرہ
کتنا نامانوس سا لگتا ہے !۔

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE GRANDMOTHERS

SAM KHAN

GIEZLA IQBAL

EESA

ARHAM ADEEL



LOVE AGAIN

By: Giezla Farah Iqbal

I used to think now it's too late to fall in love again.....then I became a grandma. If you think you can't love anyone more than your children, wait until you look into the eyes of your grandchildren and really fall in love. It's such a grand thing to be called a mother of a mother that's why the world calls them Grandmothers ,they are actually moMmies with added frosting. If you have'nt experienced it; yet you have no idea how fantastic it feelsyour grand kids are the ones who put a smile on your face, a lump in your throat and a warm feeling in your heart. I guess something magical happens when parents turn into grandparents. This I learnt only when I became one. Even when far I can feel their warmth against my bodythe beat of their heart synchronizing with minejust a little pain for them causes my heart to miss its rhythm .



What really are grandparents I guess they are the simplest toy.....one which even the youngest child can operate with easefor grandchildren never outgrow grandma's arms and heart. Her garden is grown with seeds of love and warm sunshine, sprinkled now and then with shower and sown with patient loving hands. God created grandparents for a reason....world needs grandmas and grand pas for the grand kids just can't spoil themselves.



Very few things are more delightful than grandchildren fighting over your lap. I love all the mess they create as at that very moment they are making memories. Simple moments with them are my priceless memoriesa treasure that I will hold forever. Their laughter is the greatest medicine for all my ailments. I don't have time worrying about the people who don't like me as I am too busy loving the people who love me ...my grand kids....for they make love stronger, my days shorter, nights longer, savings smaller and my home happier.....when you start feeling your baby is perfect, never cries or fusses, sleeps on schedule, burps on demand an angel all the time then definitely you are a grandma.



Happiness is simply being a grandparent. These kids are the fragrant blossoms that have given Scent , Colour and Life to our garden. Holding my grandkids in my arms makes me realize the miracle my husband and I began.... Thank you God for all the blessings we have. It's absolutely amazing how the littlest feet make biggest footprints in your heart.

AMJAD ISLAM AMJAD

MAHWASH GABA

Amjad Islam Amjad was born on 4 August 1944 in Lahore in British India, now in Pakistan. His family originally belonged to Sialkot. He received his secondary education in Lahore, and graduated from Government Islamia College Civil Lines, Lahore. He qualified for Masters of Arts degree in Urdu literature from Punjab University. He began his career as a lecturer at the M.A.O College Lahore. He worked as a director at Pakistan Television Corporation from 1975 to 1979, before returning to teaching.

In 1989, Amjad was appointed as Director General of Urdu Science Board. He has also worked as a project director of the Children Library Complex. Amjad is the writer of many drama series for Pakistan Television Corporation including 'Waris'. He has written many columns, translation, criticism and essays while his main focus remained writing *Nazms*, a type of Urdu poetry. In June 2008, he joined Urdu newspaper Daily Express and writes column with the title of "Chasham-e-Tamasha".

Amjad is an Urdu poet, drama writer and lyricist from Pakistan. He has received many awards for his literary work and screenplay for TV, including Pride of Performance and Sitara-e-Imtiaz.

Among his most notable dramas are Waris, Dehleez, Samandar, Raat, Waqt and Apnay Loug. Amjad Islam Amjad is very keen writer of express news channel of Pakistan.

Awards

- Pride of Performance^[1]
- Sitara-e-Imtiaz^[1]
- 16 Graduate Awards^[1]
- 12 PTV Awards for the best writer^[1]

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- Itnay khwab kahan rakhoon
- Mairay bhe hain kuch khwab
- Hum us kay hain.

امجد اسلام امجد

نہ وہ آنکھ ہی تری آنکھ تھی، نہ وہ خواب ہی ترا خواب تھا
دلِ منتظر تو یہ کس لئے ترا جاگنا، اسے بھول جا
یہ جورات دن کا ہے کھیل سا، اسے دیکھ، اس پہ یقیں نہ کر
نہیں عکس کوئی بھی مستقل سر آئینہ، اسے بھول جا
جو بساطِ جاں ہی الٹ گیا، وہ جو راستے سے پلٹ گیا
اسے روکنے سے حصول کیا، اسے مت بلا، اسے بھول جا
تو یہ کس لئے شبِ ہجر کے اسے ہر ستارے میں دیکھنا
وہ فلک کہ جس پہ ملے تھے ہم، کوئی اور تھا، اسے بھول جا
تجھے چاند بن کے ملا تھا جو، ترے ساحلوں پہ کھلا تھا جو
وہ تھا اک دریا وصال کا، سوا تر گیا اسے بھول جا

کہاں آکے رکنے تھے راستے، کہاں موڑ تھا، اسے بھول جا
وہ جو مل گیا اسے یاد رکھ، جو نہیں ملا اسے بھول جا
وہ ترے نصیب کی بارشیں کسی اور چھت پہ برس گئیں
دلِ بے خبر مری بات سن اسے بھول جا، اسے بھول جا
میں تو گم تھا تیرے ہی دھیان میں، تری آس، تیرے گمان میں
صبا کہ گئی مرے کان میں، میرے ساتھ آ، اسے بھول جا
کسی آنکھ میں نہیں اشکِ غم، ترے بعد کچھ بھی نہیں ہے کم
تجھے زندگی نے بھلا دیا، تو بھی مسکرا، اسے بھول جا
کہیں چاکِ جاں کا رُفونہیں، کسی آستین پہ لہو نہیں
کہ شہیدِ راہِ ملال کا نہیں خوں بہا، اسے بھول جا

کیوں اٹا ہوا ہے غبار میں، غمِ زندگی کے فشار میں

وہ جو درد تھا ترے بخت میں، سو وہ ہو گیا، اسے بھول جا

کنارا دوسرا دریا کا جیسے

وہ ساتھی ہے مگر محرم نہیں ہے

دلوں کی روشنی بجھنے نہ دینا

وجودِ تیرگی محکم نہیں ہے

میں تم کو چاہ کر پچھتا رہا ہوں

کوئی اس زخم کا مہم نہیں ہے

جو کوئی سن سکے امجد تو دنیا

بجز اک بازگشتِ غم نہیں ہے

کسی کی آنکھ جو پر غم نہیں ہے
نہ سمجھو یہ کہ اس کو غم نہیں ہے

سوا درد میں تنہا کھڑا ہوں

پلٹ جاؤں مگر موسم نہیں ہے

سمجھ میں کچھ نہیں آتا کسی کو

اگرچہ گفتگو مبہم نہیں ہے

سلگتا کیوں نہیں تاریک جنگل

طلب کی لو اگر مدہم نہیں ہے

یہ بستی ہے ستم پروردگاں کی

یہاں کوئی کسی سے کم نہیں ہے

دریا کی ہوا تیز تھی کشتی تھی پرانی
روکا تو بہت دل نے مگر ایک نہ مائی
میں بھیگتی آنکھوں سے اسے کیسے بٹائوں
مشکل ہے بہت ابر میں دیوار اٹھانی
نکلا تھا تجھے ڈھونڈنے اک بجر کا تارا
پھر اس کے تعاقب میں گئی ساری جوانی
کہنے کوئی بات کوئی ہو تو سنائیں
سو بار زمانے نے سنی ہے یہ کہانی
کس طرح مجھے ہوتا گماں ترک وفا کا
آواز میں ٹہرائو تھا لہجے میں روانی
اب میں قاتل کہوں امجد کے مسیحا
کیا زخم ہنر چھوڑ گیا اپنی نشانی

امجد اسلام امجد

حساب عمر کا اتنا سا گوشوارا ہے
 تمہیں نکال کے باقی تو سب خسارا ہے
 کسی چراغ میں ہم ہیں کسی کنول میں تم
 کہیں جمال ہمارا کہیں تمہارا ہے
 ہر اک صدا جو ہمیں بازگشت لگتی ہے
 نجانے ہم ہیں دوبارا کہ یہ دوبارا ہے
 عجب اصول ہیں اس کاروبار دنیا کے
 کسی کا قرض کسی اور نے اتارا ہے
 یہ دو کنارے تو دریا کے ہو گئے ہم تم
 مگر وہ کون ہے جو تیسرا کنارہ ہے
 غم زمانہ سے دل کو بچا کے رکھتے ہیں
 تمہارے خواب سے آنکھیں سجا کے رکھتے ہیں
 بھٹک رہے ہیں تیرے شہر میں گدا گر سے
 وہ چند لوگ جو سکے وفا کے رکھتے ہیں
 یہ دور اہل ہوس ہے یہاں پہ اہل وفا
 بدن سمیٹ کے آنکھیں جھکا کے رکھتے ہیں
 تمہارے آنے کا سنتے ہی گھر کی چیزوں کو
 کبھی اٹھاتے کبھی پھر سے لا کے رکھتے ہیں
 سنا ہے کانوں کے کپے ہو تم بہت، سو ہم
 تمہارے شہر میں سب سے بنا کے رکھتے ہیں
 بیان کس کا غلط ہے قصوروار ہے کون
 چلو حساب یہ آگے خدا کے رکھتے ہیں
 جو اہل درد ہیں امجد وہ شب گزیدوں سے
 غن بہار کے لہجے صبا کے رکھتے ہیں

تم.....

تم جس خواب میں آنکھیں کھولو

اس کا ہر روپ امر....

تم جس رنگ کا کپڑا پہنو

وہ موسم کا رنگ....

تم جس پھول کو ہنس کر دیکھو

کبھی نہ وہ مرجھائے....

تم جس حرف پہ انگلی رکھ دو

وہ روشن ہو جائے....

امجد اسلام امجد

Girls and women of Prophet's family in Kerbala

By Syeda Fatima Muhammad and Syed Razi Muhammad

A 4 year old girl is kept hungry and thirsty. She has seen her brothers and cousins killed and their bodies trampled on. She has seen her 12 year old cousin ripped to pieces. Her uncle goes to get her water, he never returns. Her six month old brother was shot in the neck with an arrow. Her father leaves, the last man standing, to face the combating forces, and she begs him not to go. He goes and is killed. There are no more men in the camp left to protect her and the other children. One man, her brother, is alive but is so ill he can't even stand. The women do the best they can but they can't stop the enemy camp from decapitating the dead. After the oppressors have finished mutilating the bodies they set the tents on fire. She runs out of the tents to save her life and the looting begins. The head cover of her mother and aunts, the pride of the Muslim Arab woman, is snatched off their heads in an attempt to humiliate them. A night passes. The child is beaten and whipped. As the much talked about daughter of the slain leader, a special point is made to torment her. Her earrings, a gift from her father, are snatched off in the looting and her ears bleed. Her clothes are set on fire and she runs to put it out. She spends the rest of the night crying over the headless body of her father. The next morning the women and children are put on camels and are forced to proceed from Iraq to Syria. Her one surviving brother, so ill he can barely stand, is put in chains. His neck in a metal collar made for cattle, he is made to walk the entire journey. Accompanying her are the heads of her father, uncles, brothers and cousins. Even the little head of her six month old brother is raised on a spear. On the journey they go through desert lands. Children separated from their mothers fall off the camels and are left to die, their mothers shriek in grief. When they reach the cities the women are paraded as the spoils of war and the heads of their men folk, raised high on spears, celebrated as defeated war criminals. Sometimes the heads fall off the spears and there is a commotion. The people in the cities are a mixed crowd. Some throw rocks at the women and children. Some try to give food and water, but the captors stop this whenever they can. Some women of the cities try to distribute headscarves to the prisoners but the headscarves are always snatched back with a sword. Some come to the girl and ask her to pray for them as God always answers the prayers of an oppressed fatherless child. She sees their captors call them "war criminals". The crowds murmur and there is confusion. "They are all war criminals" insist their captors, and they point to the heads on the spears. "Even the six month old?" asks a voice. But the tyrant of the land is notorious for his cruelty and nobody dares press the point. The only ones brave enough to raise their voices are lying headless in the desert of Iraq. When she and the other women reach the court of the tyrant they are made to stand before him in chains. Her aunt, the de facto leader, is mocked. She stands before the tyrant in the court, bereaved of her

family, bereft of her hijab, and exhausted. Yet she answers fearlessly and with dignity, true daughter of the warrior Ali ibn Abi Talib. She makes the crucial point that her men folk didn't start the war but the tyrant's own men did. She complains to God that her brother was no criminal and was killed simply for not swearing allegiance to an oppressive regime. The pain in Zaynab bint Ali's words lives on to this day. She pointed people to be quiet. The breathing of people remained in their chest. After Praising Allah (SWT) and Prophet Muhammad (saww) she said:

"O people of Kufah! O you deceivers! O you who break your pledges and retreat back! You traitors! May the cries never end and the tears never diminish. You are like the woman who painstakingly and with great labor twines a strong rope, and then herself unwinds it, thereby wasting her effort and energy. Your false pledges contain no element of truth and sincerity. Your tactic has become flattering the maids and nodding your heads in agreement to the enemies. Beware, for you have sponsored a very wrongful act for which Allah (SWT) is totally displeased with you. Without doubt, His wrath shall soon descend upon you. Are you now crying? Yes, by Allah (SWT) you must weep because you deserve the tears. Cry immensely and laugh less, for you are contaminated with such shame and disgrace, that you will never be able to wash it off. How could you exonerate yourself from crime of slaying the son of the Last Prophet Muhammad (saw) and the mine of prophethood? Was he not the master of the youth in Heaven? Was he not the one who you would go to him whenever you had tribal fights and disagreements? Was he not your best choice to solve your own problems and worries? What bad have you brought upon yourselves, and what heavy burden are you carrying: annihilation, downfall! Efforts were lost, and hands ceased from work causing for business and capital to be lost. You placed yourself in the anger of Allah (SWT), and you manifested yourselves in greed and begging. O the people of Kufah! Woe be upon you! Do you know which part of the Messenger of Allah you have cut? And which vow you have broken? And whose blood you have shed? And which respected family you have brought to the public (as captives)? And whose sanctity you have violated? You have done that, which could tear down the skies, open the earth, and make the mountains vanish. As far as the earth goes and as deep as the skies go, your obvious deed has no like, no similarity and no decency. Indeed you have done the ugliest, the most grievous and gruesome deed. Will you be surprised if the sky rains blood? Remember! The punishment of the Day of Judgment which will be much more severe and much harsher! That is because no one has the power of Allah (SWT)." When Syeda Zainab (sa) and the other captives were brought to the palace of Ubaydullah ibn Ziyad, Governor of Kufah. There, Syeda Zainab (sa) disguised herself among the other women. Once Ubaydullah ibn Ziyad noticed her, he asked: "Who is that disguised woman?" No one answered him; so he repeated his question. Then, one of his servants replied: "She is Zainab, the daughter of Fatima Zahra, daughter of the Messenger of Allah". Ubaydullah ibn Ziyad recognized this honored Lady, and decided to express his

joy of victory in front of the honorable daughter of Imam Ali (as). Through addressing Syeda Zainab (sa) he planned to take advantage of the opportunity and advertise the cruel and disgraced tyranny of Yazid son of Muawiya. Ubaydullah ibn Ziyad however, failed to realize that the honored Lady he was addressing happened to be the heroine who would disgrace Yazid son of Muawiya and all other oppressors through her firm logic. Ubaydullah ibn Ziyad rudely said: "Praise be to Allah who disgraced you, and revealed your sayings as false." Syeda Zainab (sa) immediately frustrated his conspiracy by replying: "Praise be to Allah who has honored us with His Messenger, and purified us from impurity. The one who is disgraced is certainly the libertine, and the one who lies is the lewd; and we are not such people. Praise be to Allah." Ibn Ziyad, who never expected to be talking to such a knowledgeable and courageous woman, changed the subject and said: "How did you find the way Allah (SWT) treated your brother and your family?" Syeda Zainab (sa), with a tone full of pride and power, indicating her faith and submission towards Allah (SWT), answered: "I saw nothing but beauty.. They rushed towards their graves (with honor). But know that Allah (SWT) will judge between you and them, and He will call you to account; so be worried about the winner at that day (either it will be you or them). O son of Marjanah! May your mother be mournful for you!"

Another major event was when the prisoners were paraded in Damascus before being produced in Yazid's court. There he was seated on his throne and was much pleased when he saw the forty-four bound captives arrive. The head of Husayn a.s was then brought to him on a golden tray. He struck the Imam's teeth with his stick and said: "O Husayn! You have paid the price of your revolt. My ancestors who were killed at Badr have been avenged today. Now it is clear that the Bani Hashim had just staged a play to gain power and there was never any divine revelation." Zaynab (a) however was not afraid. She drew herself up and boldly said for all to hear:

"Praise be to Allah, the Lord of the worlds and blessings on my grandfather, the Chief of divine prophets." "O Yazid, Allah says, and his word is true, that: 'Then evil was the end of those who did evil because they rejected the communications of Allah and used to mock them' [\[30:10\]](#)." "O Yazid, do you believe that you have succeeded in closing the sky and the earth for us and that we have become your captives just because we have been brought before you in a row and that you have secured control over us? Do you believe that we have been afflicted with insult and dishonour by Allah and that you have been given honour and respect by Him? You have become boastful of this apparent victory that you have secured and you have started feeling jubilant and proud over this prestige and honour. You think that you have achieved worldly good that your affairs have become stabilised and our rule has fallen into your hands. Wait for a while. Do not be so joyful. Have you forgotten Allah's saying: 'The unbelievers should not carry the impression that the time allowed to them by us is good for them. Surely we give them

time so that they may increase their evil deeds, and eventually they will be given insulting chastisement' [\[3:178\]](#)." "O son of freed slaves, is this your justice that you keep your own daughters and slave maids veiled while the daughters of the Prophet of Allah are being paraded from place to place exposed." "You have dishonoured us by unveiling our faces. Your men take us from town to town where all sorts of people, whether they be residents of the hills or of riversides have been looking at us." "The near as well as the remote ones, the poor as well as the rich, the low as well as the high - all casting their glances at us while our position is such that there is no male relative of ours to render us help or support." "O Yazid, whatever you have done proves your revolt against Allah and your denial of His Prophet (s) and of the Book and Sunnah that the Holy Prophet (s) brought from Allah. Your deeds should not cause amazement because one whose ancestors chewed the livers of the martyrs, whose flesh grew up on virtuous people, who fought against the Chief of divine prophets, who mobilised parties for fighting against him and drew swords against him, should conspicuously excel all Arabs in unbelief, sinfulness, excesses, and enmity against Allah and His Prophet (s)." "Remember that the evil deeds and sinful actions that you have committed are the result of unbelief and old rancour you bear because of your ancestors who were killed in Badr." "One who cast his glance of enmity, malice and rancour upon us does not lag behind in practising enmity against us. He proves his unbelief, declares it with his tongue and jubilantly proclaims: 'I have killed the sons of the Prophet (s) of Allah and made his progeny captive,' and wishes that his ancestors had lived to see his achievement and to have exclaimed, 'O Yazid, may your hands not lose their strength, you have wreaked good vengeance on our behalf.'" "O Yazid, you are striking the lips of Imam Husayn with your stick in front of this crowd while these very lips used to be kissed by the Prophet (s) of Allah, and yet your face reflects pleasure and happiness." "By my life, by killing the chief of youths of Paradise, the son of the chief of Arabs (Ali (a)) and the shining sun of the progeny of Abd ul-Muttalib, you have deepened our wound and uprooted us completely." "By killing Husayn ibn Ali (a) you have gained nearness to the state of your unbelieving ancestors. You proclaim your deed with pride and if they were to see you they would approve of your action and pray that Allah may not paralyse your arms." "O Yazid! If you had heart enough to take account of your nefarious deeds, you yourself would surely wish your arms to be paralysed and severed from your elbow and you would wish that your parents had not given birth to you because you would know that Allah has become displeased with you. Allah, Grant us our rights. Avenge those who have oppressed us." "O Yazid! you did what you wished, but remember that you have cut your own skin and your own flesh to pieces. Soon you will be brought before the Holy Prophet. You will be overburdened with the weight of your sins committed by shedding the blood of his progeny and by dishonouring his family. The place to which you will be taken will be before all the members of his family. The oppressed will be avenged and the enemies will be punished." "O Yazid ! It is not

seeming for you to swell with joy after slaying the Prophet's progeny. 'Reckon not those who are killed in Allah's way as dead; nay, they are alive and are provided sustenance from their Lord; rejoicing in what Allah has given them out of His grace' [3:169-170]."

"Allah is sufficient to deal with you. The Messenger of Allah is your antagonist and Hadrat Jibra'il is our support and help against you." "Those who have made you the head of state and burdened the Muslims with your leadership will soon find out what awaits them. The end of all tyrants is agony." "O Yazid. I speak not to you thus to warn you of the severe chastisement in store for you so that you should be regretful for you are one of those whose hearts are hardened, souls are rebellious and whose bodies are busy in Allah's disobedience while they are under the curse of the Prophet of Allah. You are from among those in whose heart Shaytan has made his abode and has been breeding young ones." "How amazing it is that the virtuous people, sons of the divine prophets and vicegerents are killed at the hands of liberated slaves, evil-doers and sinners. Our blood is shed by their hands and our flesh serves as food for them. We feel grieved for those whose bodies are lying unshrouded and unburied in the battlefield, wounded with arrows." "O Yazid, if you consider our defeat as your achievement then you will have to pay its price." "Allah commits not injustice to His servants. Our reliance is on Allah. He alone is our Relief and place of Protection, and in Him alone do we repose our hope." "You may contrive and try however much you can. By Him who honoured us with revelation, the Book and Prophethood, you cannot achieve our status, nor reach our position, nor can you effect our mention, nor remove from yourself that shame and dishonour that is now your lot because of perpetrating excess and oppression on us. Your word now is weak and your days are counted. Beware of the day when the announcer would announce the curse of Allah on the oppressors and the unjust." "Praise be to Allah who gave good end to His friends and granted them success in their aims, and thereafter called them back to His Mercy, Pleasure and Bliss, while you hurled yourself into evil and mischief by committing injustice against them. We pray to Allah to favour us with full recompense through them and grant us the good of Khilafat and Imamat. Surely Allah is Kind and the Most Merciful over His creatures."

They are all put in prison. The girl cries every night, so loud that the tyrant complains it disturbs his sleep. The wife of the tyrant smuggles food and water to the prisoners. First the youngest get a drink. The girl, in a daze by this point, says her six month old brother is the youngest, give him the first drink. Time passes. From the window of her prison she sees birds flying to their nests and asks her mother when they can go back home. Eventually her crying annoys the tyrant to the extent that he sends her what she is crying for- her father's head. She cries over it, and then is silent. She has passed away. Her brother buries her. According to the burial rituals the body is washed and dressed in a shroud, but the girl's injuries and burns have caused her clothes to melt into her skin so it is impossible to remove them. She is buried as she is. Times change. The

oppression of the tyrant grows and the outrage of the people increases. Word spreads that the war criminals imprisoned by the tyrant in Syria are actually the granddaughters of Muhammad from Arabia. The people are disgusted by the tyrant, who attempted to destroy the family of the Prophet while claiming to be chosen by God to lead the Muslim state. Political pressure is put on the tyrant and he releases the prisoners. Too late for Sakina, the prisoners leave Syria and return home to Madina. To this day the grave of Sakina, in the prison of Damascus, Syria, is a much visited site. On the other hand the tyrant's grave is nowhere. For all his ambition he has disappeared into obscurity. Muslims send their condolences on the Prophet Muhammad (s.a.w.w) and his Family for the sufferings of his grandchildren and their children. Like a Christian said before being killed by the same tyrant in the story, no other people were so arrogant as to kill the offspring of a revered holy personality. A 4 year old died alone, puzzled to the last minute at the abandonment of the path of righteousness by the same people who claimed to uphold truth and justice. Today we see oppressors doing as they please yet nobody stands up to them the way Hussain ibn Ali (Aba Abdullah), father of this 4 year old girl, did.